THE AYRES THAT VVERE SVNG AND PLAYED,

at *Brougham Caſtle* in *Weſtmerland*,
in the Kings Entertainment:

Giuen by the Right Honourable the EARLE of CVMBERLAND, and his Right Noble Sonne the LORD CLIFFORD.

COMPOSED
BY
Mr. GEORGE MASON, and
Mr. IOHN EARSDEN.

LONDON:
Printed by *Thomas Snodham*.
Cum Priuilegio. 1618.

I.

A DIALOGVE SVNG THE FIRST NIGHT,

the King being at Supper.

Vne thy chearefull voyce to mine, Mu- ſicke helpes digeſting:
Earth and ayre and Sea con- ſent, In thy en- tertaining.

Me-lo-die now is needfull here, It will helpe
Muſick a-lone the ſoule can feaſt, It being new

Muſicke is as good as wine, And as fit for fea- ſting,
All is old which they pre-ſent, Yet all choice contay- ning.

to mend our cheare. Ioyne then, one ioy ex- preſſing. Here is a gueſt for
and well ex- preſt. Ioyne then, ſweet cords en- chaining. Could we to our wiſht

Ioyne then, ioyne then, one ioy ex- preſſing.
Ioyne then, ioyne then, ſweet cords en- chaining.

I.

whoſe content All ex- ceſſe were ſparing.
ends aſpire, Ioy ſhould crowne thy diſhes.

All to him pre-ſent Hourely new de- lights prepa- ring.
Proud is our de- ſire, If thou doſt ac- cept our wi- ſhes.

Ioy at thy board, health in thy diſh, Mirth in thy cup, and in thy bed Soft ſleepe and pleaſing reſt wee wiſh.

Ioy at thy board, health in thy diſh, Mirth in thy cup, and in thy bed Soft ſleepe and pleaſing reſt wee wiſh.

Ioy at thy board, health in thy diſh, Mirth in thy cup, and in thy bed Soft ſleepe and plea ſing reſt wee wiſh.

Now is the time, now is the hower, When ioy firſt bleſt this happy Bower.

Here is a

So ſhines the Moon by night: Heauen-ly is his light,

ſight that ſwee- tens euery ſower. So looks the Sun by day. And ne-uer ſhal de- cay.

Chorus. There is no voice enough can ſing The praiſe of our great King.

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Chorus. There is no voice enough can ſing The praiſe of our great King.

Fal ſhowers of ſweet de-light, What heauen hath beams that ſhine more bright?

Spring flowers of pleſant mirth. Here heuen is now, ſtars ſhine on

II.

In one all honor groweth, Dutie ſaith that to this one All it hath it ow- eth.

earth. From one all comfort flow- eth: Dutie ſaith that to this one all it hath it oweth.

Chorus. Let then that one of all be praiſed, That hath our fortunes raiſed.

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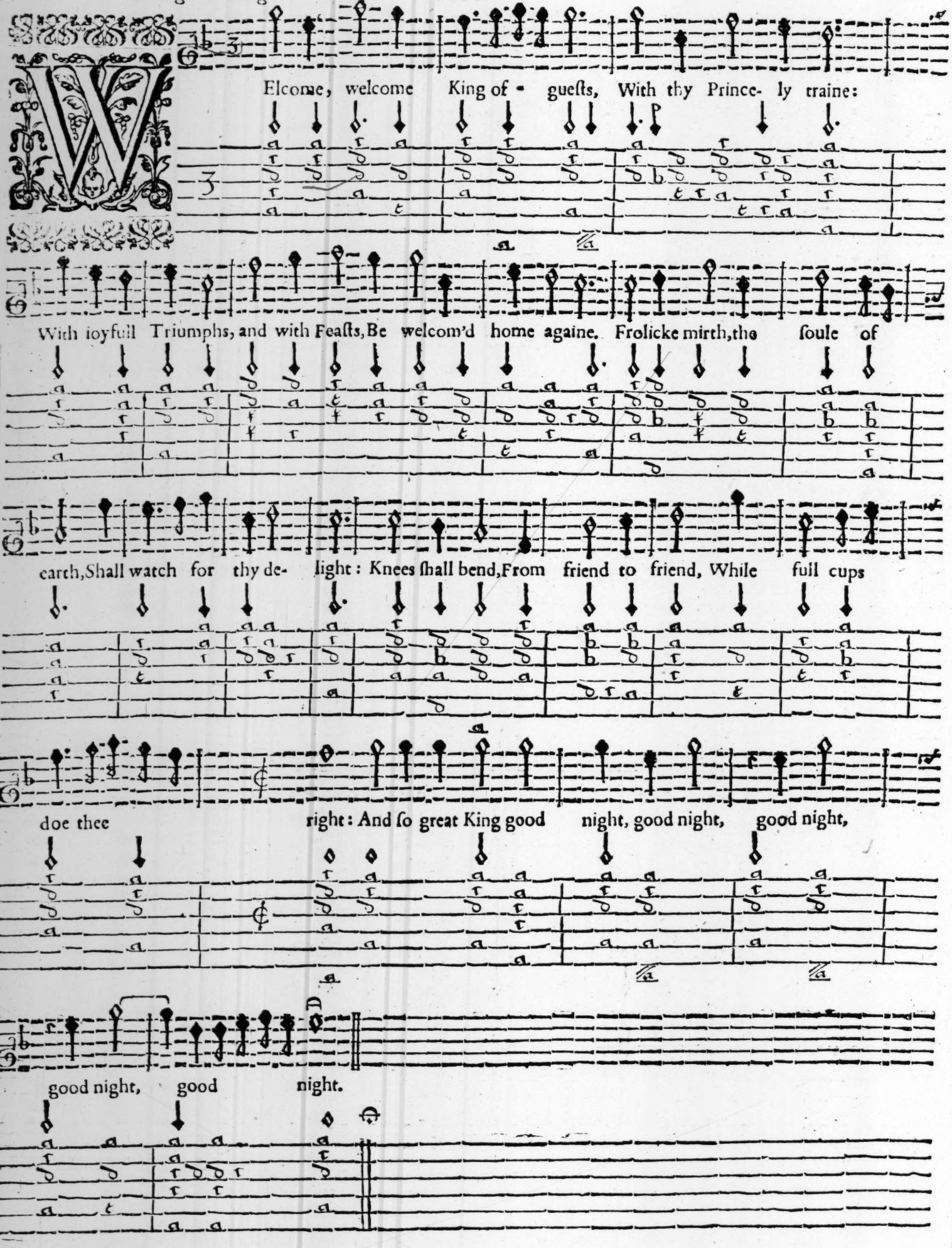
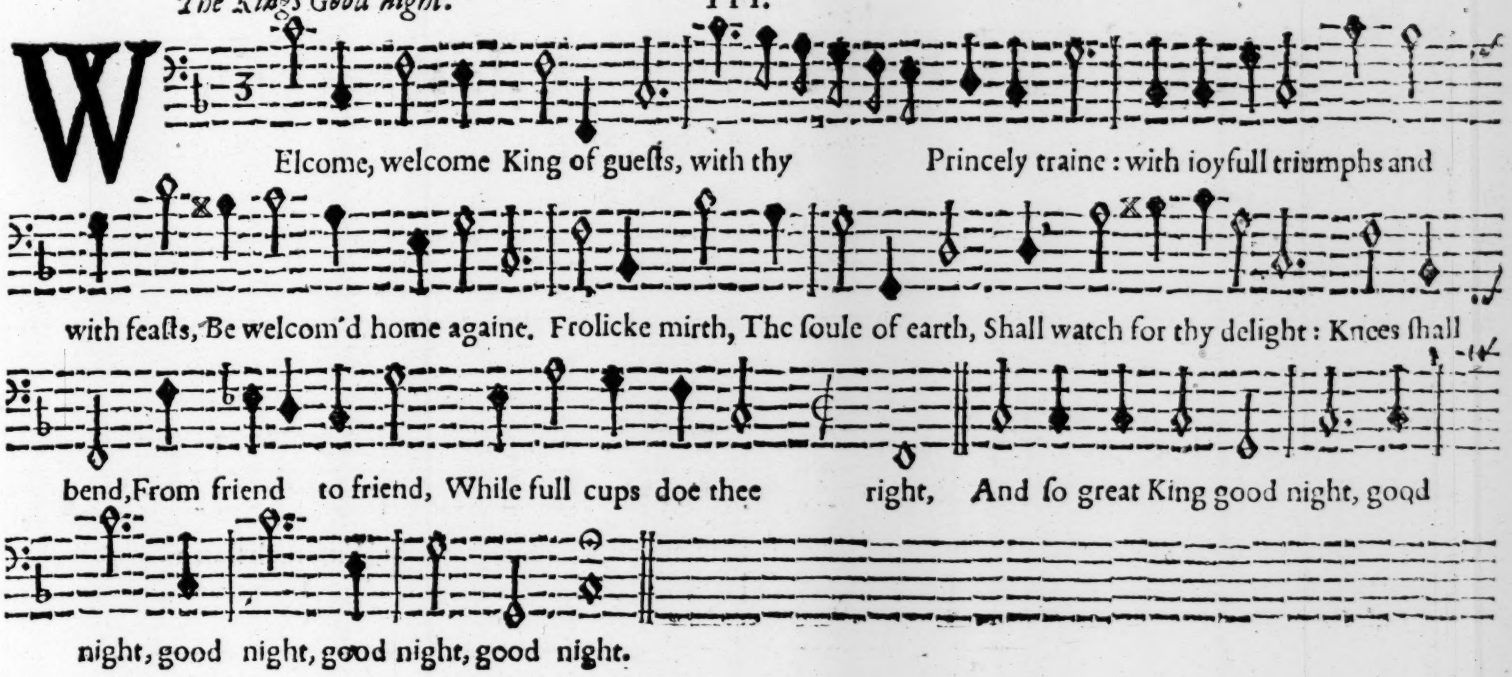

Welcome, welcome King of guests, With thy Princely traine:
With ioyfull Triumphs, and with Feasts, Be welcom'd home againe. Frolicke mirth, the soule of
earth, Shall watch for thy delight: Knees shall bend, From friend to friend, While full cups
doe thee right: And so great King good night, good night, good night,
good night, good night.

The Kings Good night. III.


Welcome, welcome King of gueſts, with thy Princely traine : with ioyfull triumphs and
with feaſts, Be welcom'd home againe. Frolicke mirth, The ſoule of earth, Shall watch for thy delight : Knees ſhall
bend, From friend to friend, While full cups doe thee right, And ſo great King good night, good
night, good night, good night, good night.

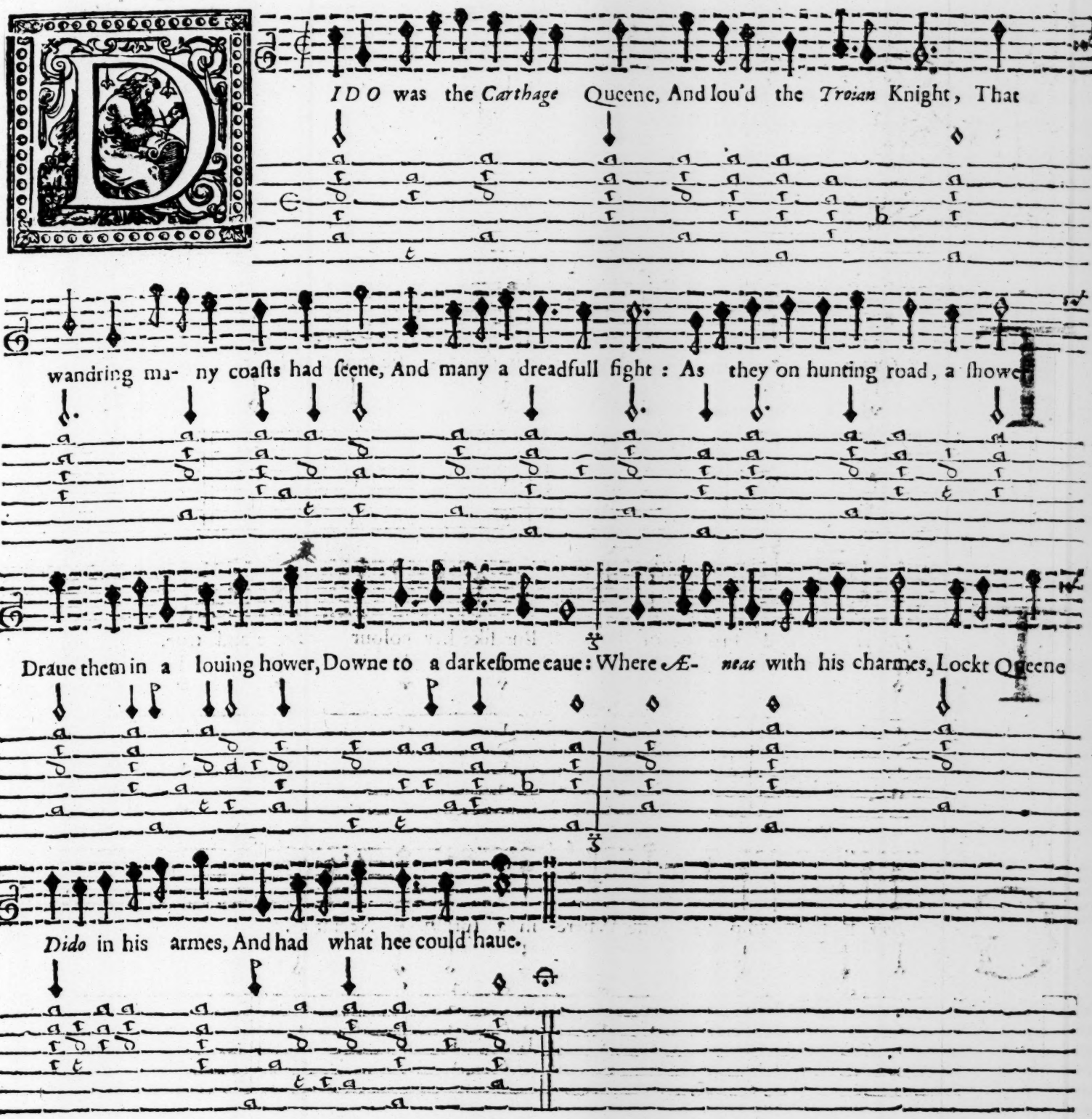
Welcome, welcome as the Sunne,
When the night is paſt:
With vs the day is now begunne,
May it for euer laſt.
Such a morne
Did nere adorne
The Roſes of the Eaſt,
As the North
Hath now brought forth:
The Northerne morne is beſt,
And ſo beſt King good reſt.

Come follow me my wandring mates, Sonnes and daughters of the Fates : Friends of

night, that oft haue done homage to the horned Moone. Fairely march, and ſhun not light, With ſuch ſtars as theſe made

bright. Yet bend you low your curled tops, Touch the hallowed earth, and then riſe a- gen With anticke

hops vnus'd of men. Here no danger is nor feare, For true Ho- nour harbours here, Whom Grace attends.

Grace can make our foes our friends.

DIDO was the Carthage Queene, And lou'd the Troian Knight, That
wandring ma- ny coasts had seene, And many a dreadfull fight : As they on hunting road, a showe
Draue them in a louing hower, Downe to a darkesome caue : Where Æ- neas with his charmes, Lockt Queene
Dido in his armes, And had what hee could haue.

2 *Dido Hymens* Rites forgot,
Her loue was wing'd with haste:
Her honour shee considered not,
But in her breast him plac't.
And when her loue was new begunne,
Ioue sent downe his winged Sonne,
To fright *Æneas* sleepe:
Bad him by the breake of day
From Queene *Dido* steale away:
Which made her waile and weepe.

3 *Dido* wept, but what of this?
The Gods would haue it so:
Æneas nothing did amisse,
For hee was forc't to goe.
Learne Lordings then no faith to keepe
With your Loues, but let them weepe;
'Tis folly to be true:
Let this Story serue your turne,
And let twenty *Didoes* burne,
So you get daily new.

ROBIN is a louely Lad, No Laſſe a ſmo- ther euer had.

Tommy hath a looke as bright, As is the ro- ſie morning light.

TIB is darke and browne of hue, But like her colour firme and true.

GInny hath a lip to kiſſe, Where- in a ſpring of Nectar is.

SImkin well his mirth can place and words to win a womans grace.

SIB is all in all to me, There is no Queene of Loue but ſhe.

All. Let vs in a louers round, Circle all this hallowed ground. Softly, softly,

trip and goe, trip and goe; The light foot Fairies iet it so, iet it so. Forward then, Forward then, and

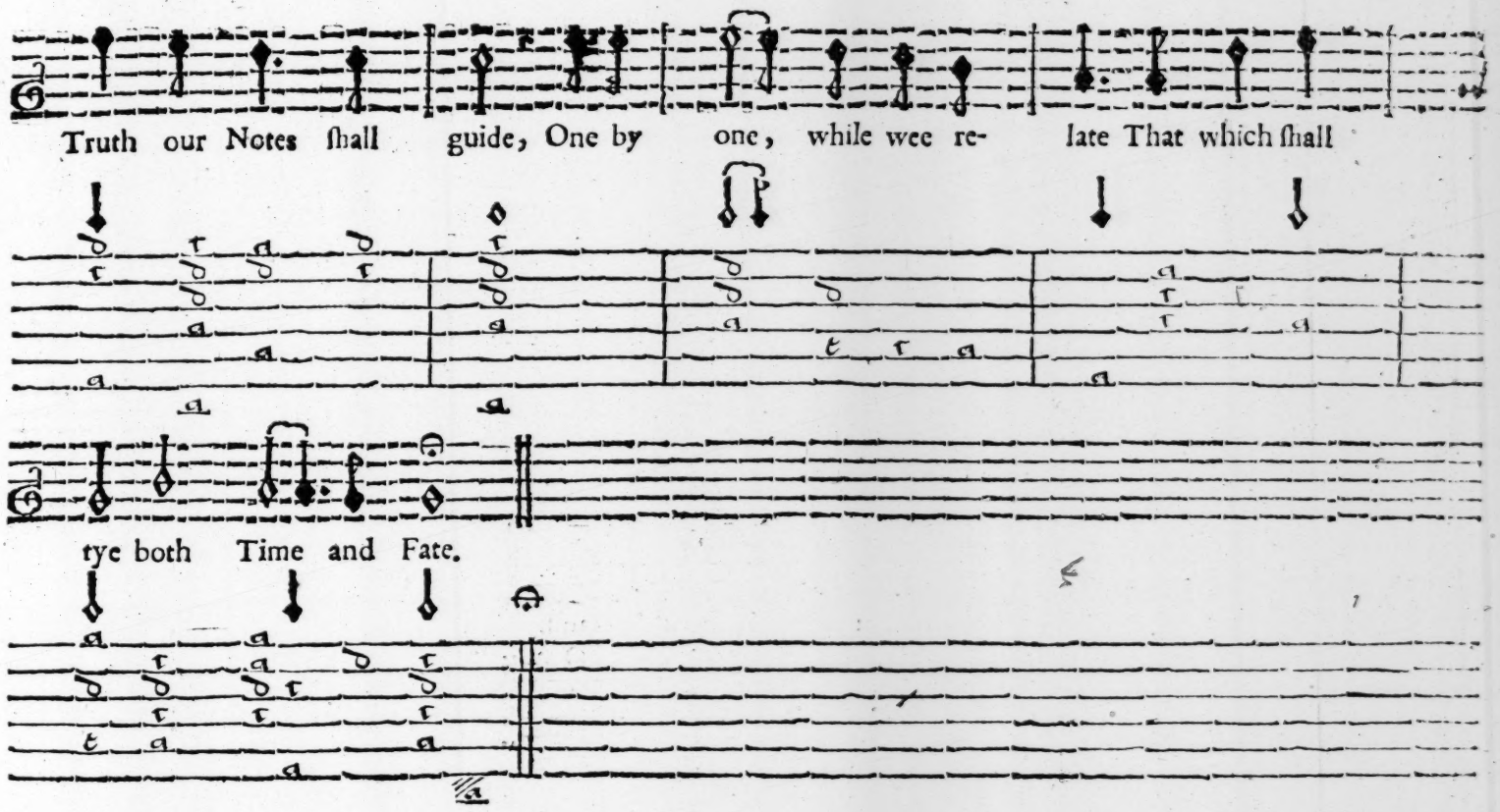
backe againe, and backe againe; Here and there, and euery where, and euery where; Winding to and winding fro;

skipping hye, and lowting low. *Chorus.* And like louers hand in hand march a

round, march a round, and make a stand. *Chorus.*

A Song. VII.

THE ſhadowes darkning our in- tents, Muſt fade, and
truth now take her place: Who in our right *Ægyptian* race, A chaine of prophecies pre-
ſents; With which the ſtarry Skye con- ſents, And all the vnder-Elements. Thou that art all di-
uine giue eare, And grace our humble ſongs, That ſpeake what to thy ſtate belongs.
Vnmasked now and cleare, Which wee in ſeuerall ſtraines di- uide, And Heauen-borne

VII.

The ſhadowes darkning out intents,
  Muſt fade, and Truth now take her place:
  Who in our right *Ægyptian* race,
A chaine of Prophecies preſents,
  With which the ſtarry Skye conſents,
  And all the vnder-Elements.
Thou that art all diuine, giue eare,
  And grace our humble Songs,
  That ſpeake what to thy State belongs
Vnmasked now and cleare:
  Which wee in ſeuerall ſtraines diuide,
  And heauen-borne Truth our Notes ſhall guide,
    One by one, while wee relate
    That which ſhall tye both Time, and Fate.

T

Ruth, ſprung from heauen, ſhall ſhine with her beames di- uine, on all thy Land;

And there for euer ſtedfaſt ſtand, And there for euer ſtedfaſt ſtand.

And there for e- uer ſtedfaſt ſtand.

And there for euer ſtedfaſt ſtand.

And there for euer ſtedfaſt ſtand.

L

Ouely peace, ſpring of in- creaſe, Shall like a precious gemme a- dorne thy

Royall Dia- deme, a- dorne thy Royall Diademe.

A- dorne thy Royall Diademe.

A- dorne thy Royall Diademe.

A- dorne thy Roy- all Di- ademe.

LOue, that bindes loyall mindes, Shall make all hearts a- gree, To magni- fie thy

ſtate and thee. To magni- fie thy ſtate and thee.

To magni- fie thy ſtate and thee.

To magni- fie thy ſtate and thee.

To magni- fie thy ſtate and thee.

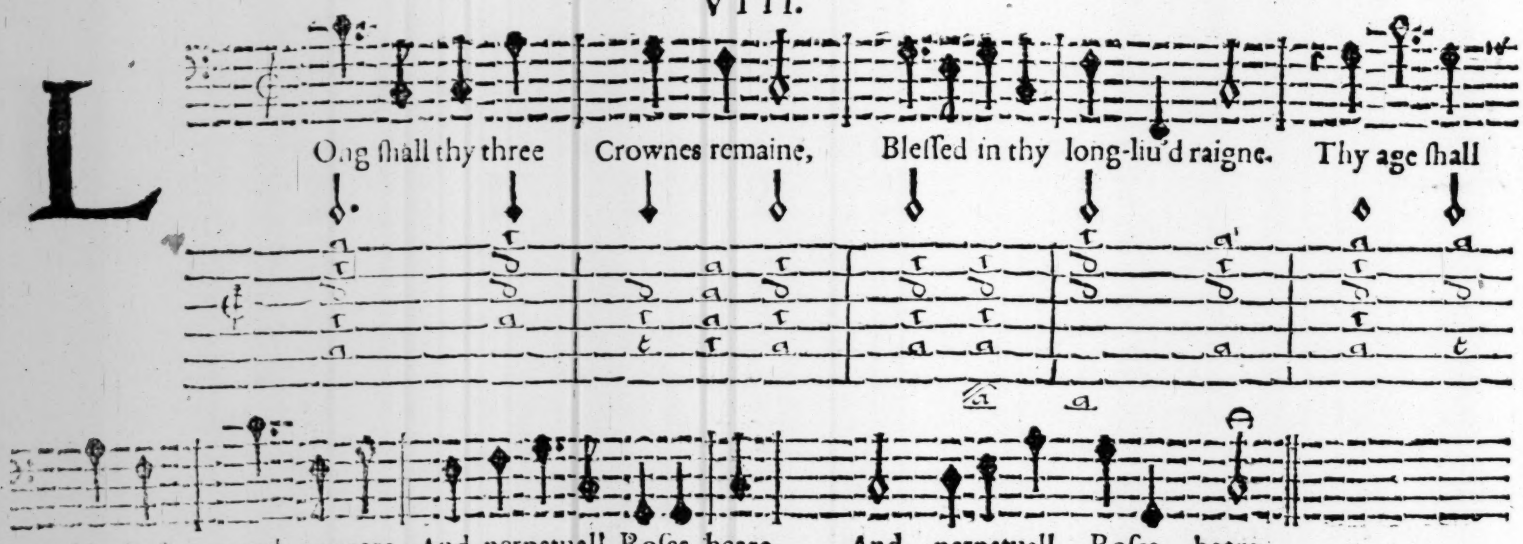
HOnour, that proceeds out of noble deeds, ſhall waite on thee alone, And caſt a ſacred

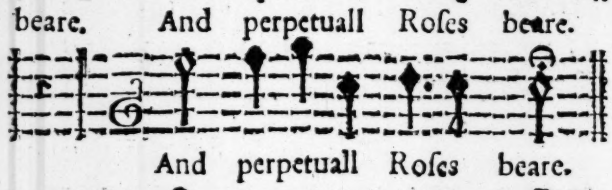
light a- bout thy Throne. And caſt a ſacred light about thy Throne.

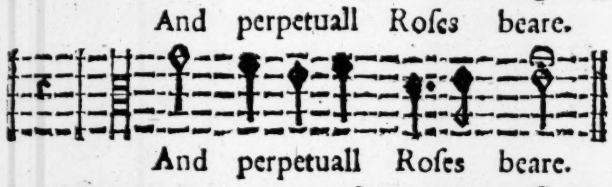
And caſt a ſacred light about thy Throne.

And caſt a ſacred light about thy Throne.

And caſt a ſacred light about thy Throne.

LOng ſhall thy three Crownes remaine, Bleſſed in thy long-liu'd raigne. Thy age ſhall

lke freſh youth appeare, And perpetuall Roſes beare. And perpetuall Roſes beare.



And perpetuall Roſes beare.

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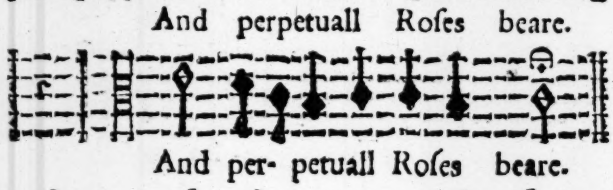
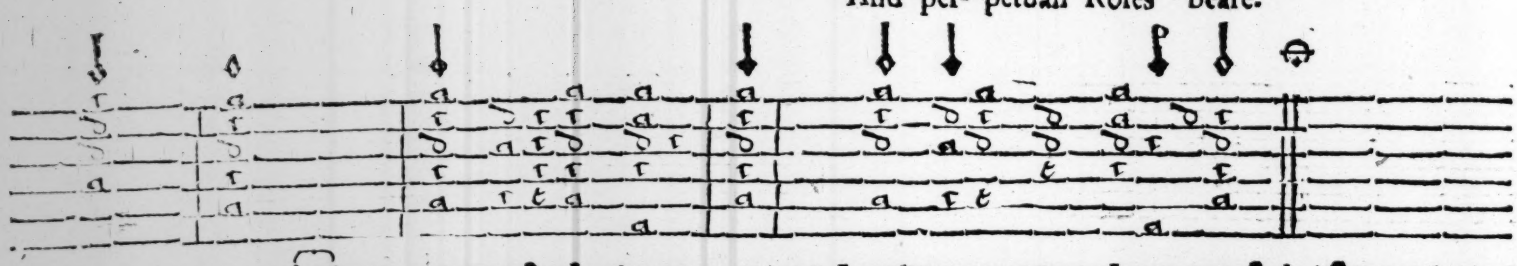
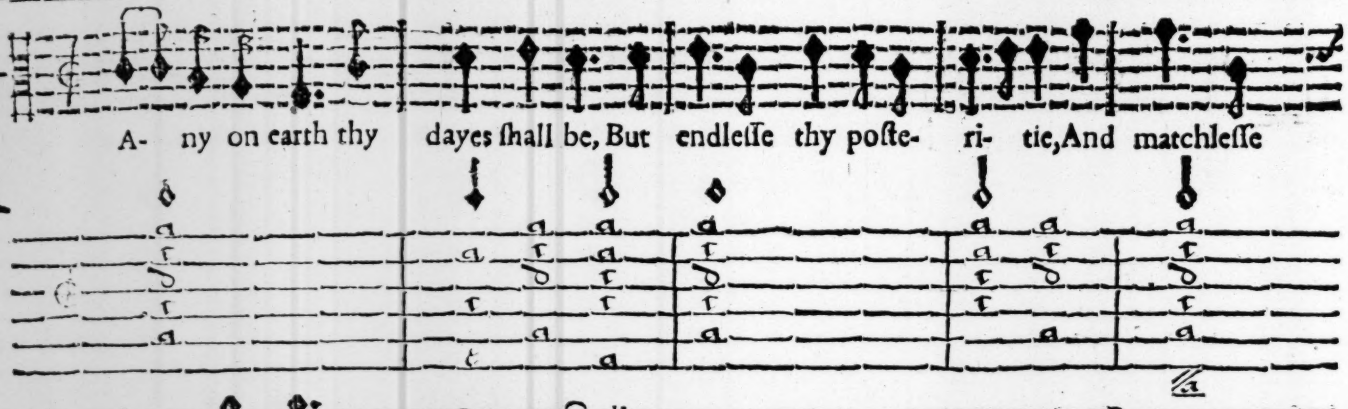
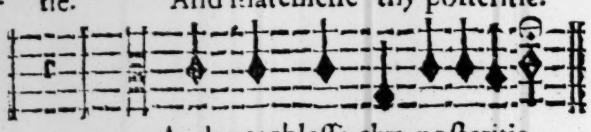
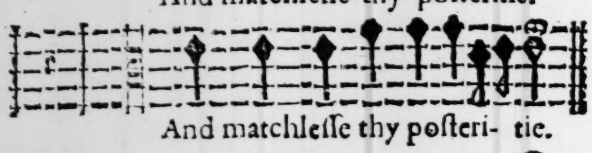


And per- petuall Roſes beare.

MAny on earth thy dayes ſhall be, But endleſſe thy poſte- ri- tie, And matchleſſe



thy poſteri- tie. And matchleſſe thy poſteritie.

And matchleſſe thy poſteritie.

And matchleſſe thy poſteri- tie.

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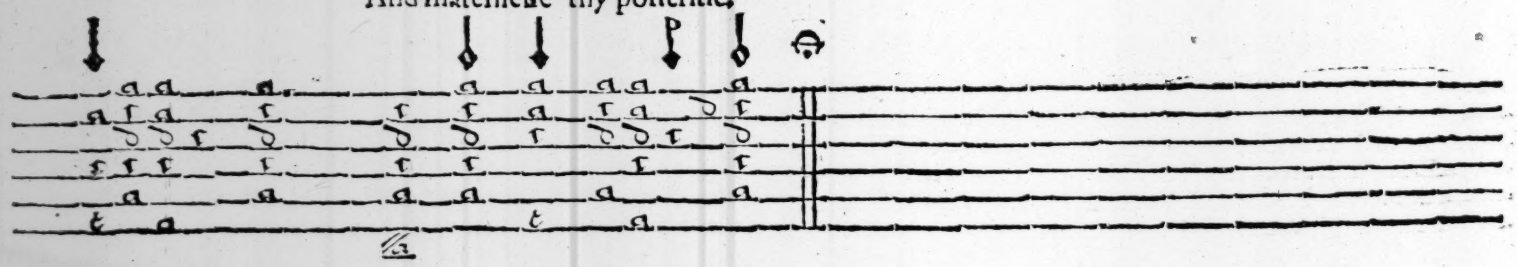
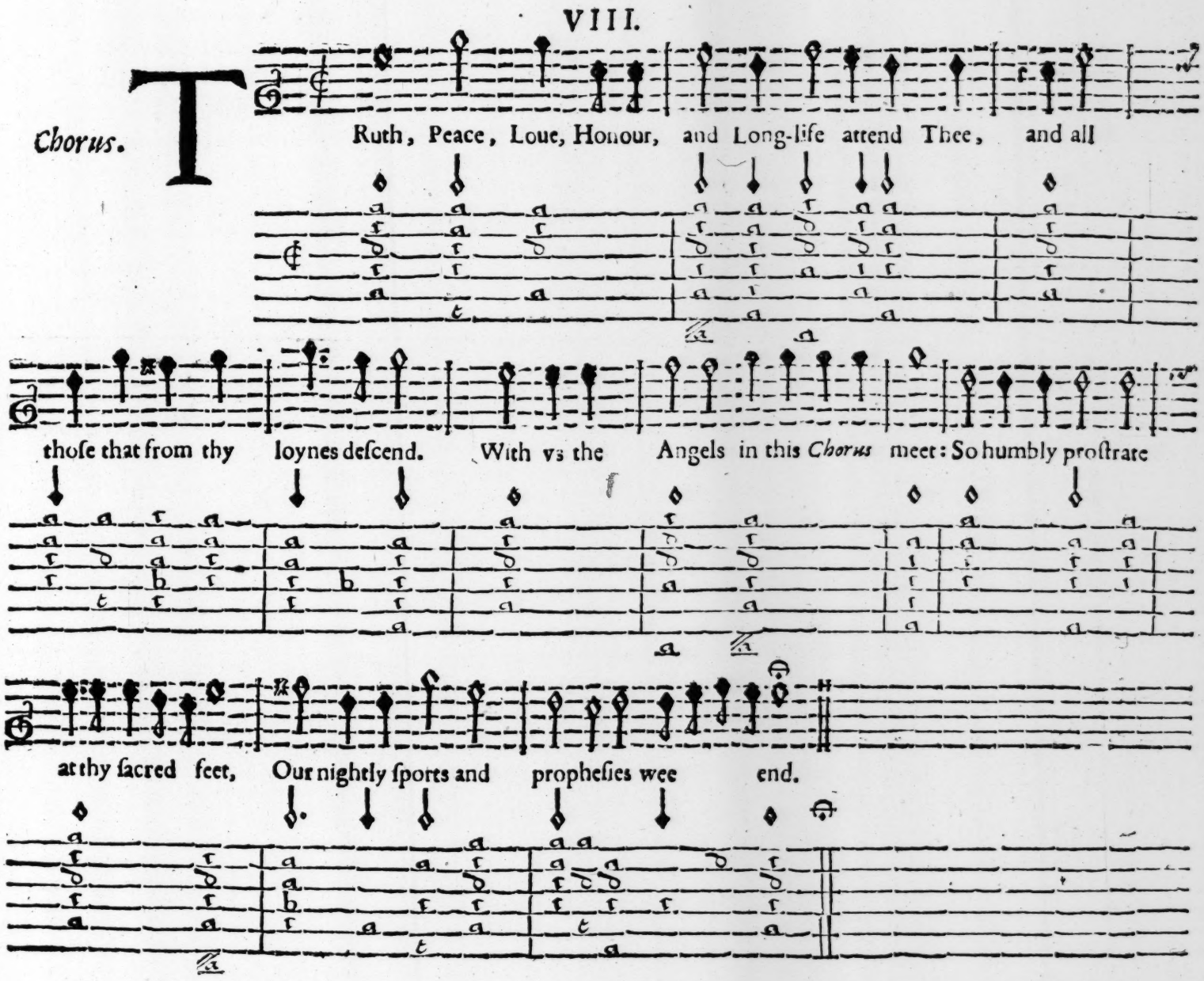

VIII.

Chorus.


Ruth, Peace, Loue, Honour, and Long-life attend Thee, and all
thoſe that from thy loynes deſcend. With vs the Angels in this *Chorus* meet: So humbly proſtrate
at thy ſacred feet, Our nightly ſports and propheſies wee end.

VIII.

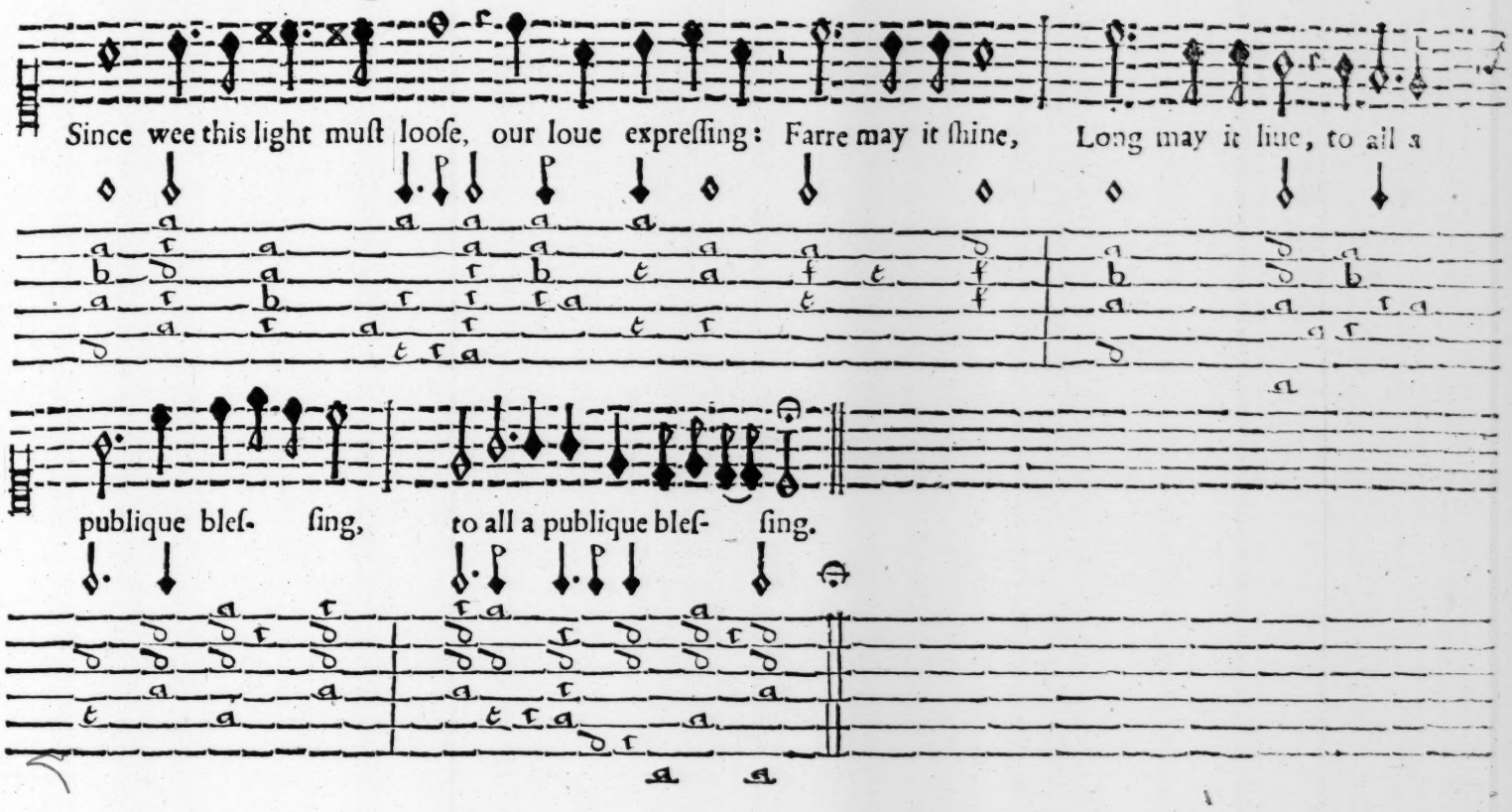
Ruth, Peace, Loue, Honour, and Long-life attend Thee, and all thoſe that from thy
loynes deſcend: With vs the Angels in this *Chorus* meet. So humbly proſtrate at thy ſacred feet, Our nightly
ſports and propheſies wee end.

Stay! ſweet is the leaſt delay, When parting forceth mourning.

Oh Ioy! too ſoone thy flowers de- cay: From Roſe to Bryer retur- ning.

Bright beames that now ſhine here, when you are parted, All will be dimme, all will be dumbe, and

euery breaſt ſad hear- ted. Yet more, for true loue may preſume, if it exceede not

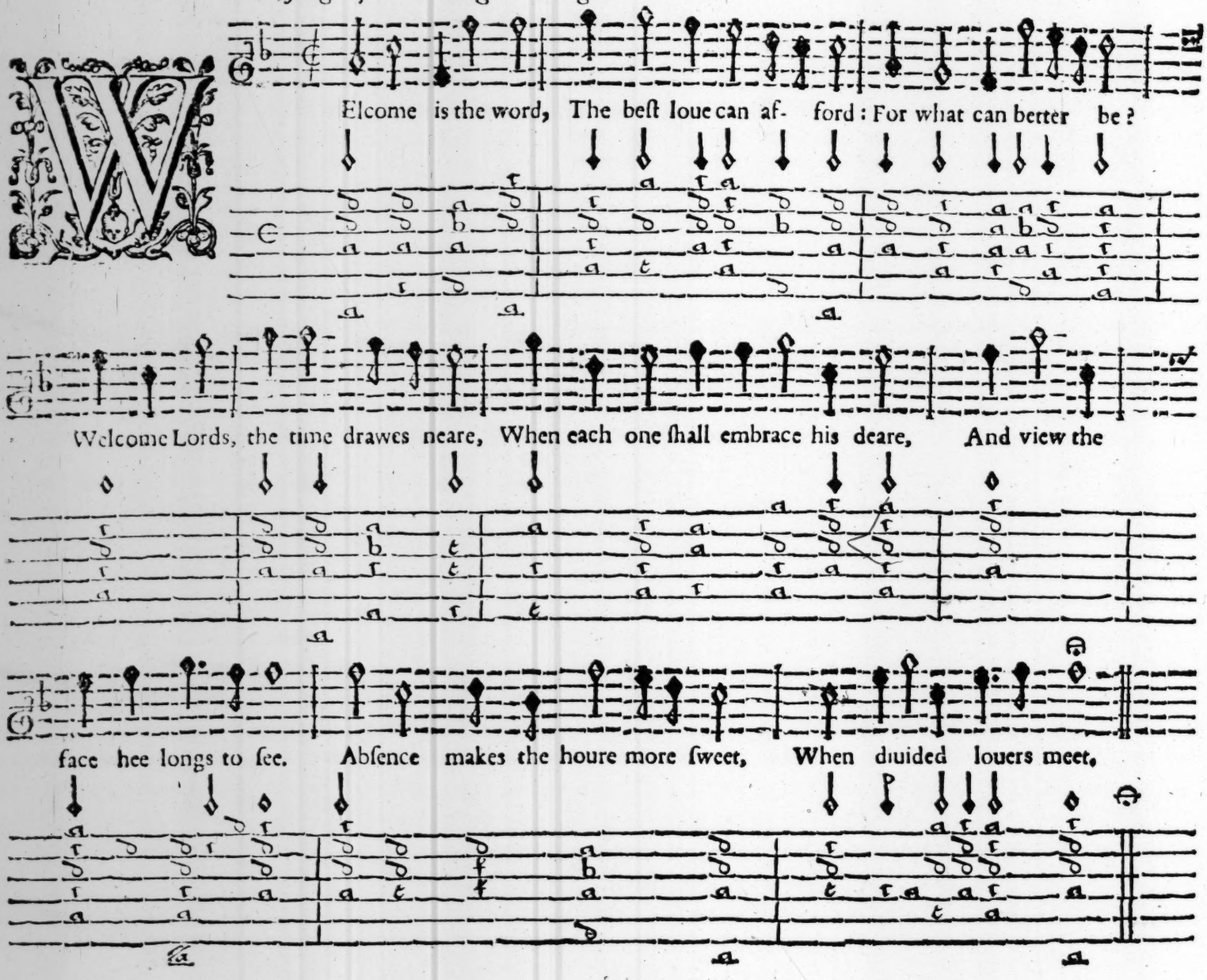
meaſure. O Griefe! that bleſt houres ſoone conſume, But ioyleſſe paſſe at lea- ſure.

Since wee this light muſt looſe, our loue expreſſing: Farre may it ſhine, Long may it liue, to all a
publique bleſ- ſing, to all a publique bleſ- ſing.

1

O ſtay ! ſweet is the leaſt delay,
When parting forceth mourning:
O Ioy ! too ſoone thy flowers decay,
From Roſe to Bryer returning.
Bright beames that now ſhine here,
When you are parted,
All will be dimme, all will be dumbe,
And euery breaſt ſad hearted.

2

Yet more, for true loue may preſume,
If it exceed not meaſure.
O griefe ! that bleſt houres ſoone conſume,
But ioyleſſe paſſe at leaſure.
Since wee this light muſt loſe,
Our loue expreſſing:
Farre may it ſhine, long may it liue,
To all a publique bleſſing.


Welcome is the word, The beſt loue can af- ford : For what can better be ?
Welcome Lords, the time drawes neare, When each one ſhall embrace his deare, And view the
face hee longs to ſee. Abſence makes the houre more ſweet, When diuided louers meet,

Welcome once againe,
Though too much were in vaine :
Yet how can loue exceed ?
Princely Gueſts wee wiſh there were
Ioues Nectar and Ambroſia here,
That you might like immortals feed ;
Changing ſhapes like full-fed *Ioue*,
In the ſweet purſuit of loue.

FINIS.

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